80

Monday.

Dearest

Do you see that Aunt Mary
has been killed by a motor
car?

Bob Trevelyan is here, & his wife
had just heard —

(I see it is in the Times
this morning.)

Yr B.

about 12 Jan 1927

182

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621

Wednesday.

Dearest,

I found your letter last night. We
glad from Lewes a day early, ju'll be
glad to hear, unable to stand the perishing
cold & Will Long (ka was far better than
Will) any longer. They did their best, poor
people, but the coal gave out, & we all had
colds, & ka had a headache, & endless neighbours
called & there was Mervyn Arnold F.
staying there, & in short as I say we came
home. Nevertheless, Cornwall has redeemed
itself for beauty: I motored from end to end: &
was overcome, not so much by the moors,
though they had fires burning in the cold
dawn, but by the valleys. I saw a
clergyman called Walke, & a lecture of Rajer.
Mrs. Leake & Colonel Hurst were both
worth many journeys to see. But
the cold! the cold! I dont think

182v

I can fax Julian's ridicule. I am sure this marvellous & in the worst of taste. Never mind. I'll cook a goose for his Gander, tell him. The bother is I'm now in a hideous rush putting the last touches to my novel — What about the cover?! — & have lost so much time — it was impossible to hold a pen at Tenna — also the intellect froze — (Leonard says Will is a hypocrite, a wr Saw ah his lectures — vague skimmings of cloud & mountain incredibly tortured & meagre) what I mean is; I dont think I can spend a night out again: but will come over, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. Shall you be there?! We come down on Tuesday. As the train left, ka shuttled back, put her head in & said "Tell Nessa I'm really very fond of her". So there. You can imagine. This one of the most melancholy hooseholds they engoy, or what they dont: upon Hang, & heartlessness, & art, & humanity. Ka is to some extent genuine: will hollow. At least do I think. I've been asked to go to America by a paper. I seriously think of doing it. Please give Julian a hint that I'm very dangerous when roused: also, I should like to see him.

V B

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/64

June 1927

If another day wd. do better, let me know to Monks House.

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621

Sunday

183

I'll come to lunch on Monday God willing — hope there'll be a change seeing Julian. I'm longing to do battle.

Here's love, so no more. I wd. have come for New Year but have to face the horrors of Selling proofs ready — uh. yes painless Cleaf. But my love to you remains but a strong: yours for ever

Rin & weak.

Jan 1927 ?

There was a very good review of Rogers' book in Manchester Guardian Wednesday

Oliver is in love with Gon - has eyes - not with me

It seems hopelessly hopeless to come today.

I think I'd better leave it that I'll come the first fine day for lunch.

I don't expect Leonard will leave his pruning but sends his love. We're much disappointed not to see Julian. Ask him to send me his Scurrilous Lampoon & I'll reply suitably. No cool, no authenticity here.

We
We go on Sunday

25 Jan 1927

We get a little rest. I thought you were worn to a shred as Mary Fisher wd. say.

66

Dearest,

I was much relieved to get your card. I hope it means that Winston is now convalescent. Any further news will be gratefully received - we all rang each other up to communicate yesterday - & let me know, there's a good Dolphin, if I can do anything here.

I'm sending the wash, & also a dress shirt, as Louie has brought more than Angelica's things; & I daresay it's better to send the lot. Leonard has written a stiff letter to Mrs Beazley but has had no answer yet. Of course the

66

chief is that Herbert Stephen is
engaged to Hermione Cunningham,
his cousin, aged 30 I suppose - well,
well: the Stephens are very
mature also. Then Margaret
Duckworth has asked us to lunch - but
no: last night at Colefaxes will
do me for a week or two. Sir
Arthur was my fate: & tho' I
mixed claret & champagne till my
head spun, still I could not make
rhyme or reason but only boredom
unalterable & his dodderings, chiefly
about the future, past & present of
the Trades Union Movement. Après
words, Viola acted, & I sat hugging
snuggery in a Sapphistic Cosy Corner.
with Dotty, Mary.

There's Scalabrina at the Stephen's
School, so Adrian has brought them
back. Love to the old Convolvulus=
Kiss him on his nose: I adore him.
Viv.

NYPL

Hamill 3/10/68